Yorke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill may'ſt thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Dutc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe I know,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocryſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutc. Nay, doe not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King ſay, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutc. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moouethee pardon to rehearſe.
King H. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth no
But makes one Pardon ſtrong,
King. I pardon him with all
Dutch. A God on earth tho
King. But for our truſtie bro
With all the reſt of that conſor
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog th
Good Vnckle, helpe to order ſ
To Oxford, or where ere theſe
They ſhall not liue within this
But I will haue them, if I once
Vnckle farewell, and cooſin a
Your mother well hath prayed
Dutc. Come my old ſonne
Exeunt. Manet Sir Pi
Exton. Didſt thou not mark
Haue I no friend will rid me o
Was it not ſo?
Man. Theſe were his very
Exton. Haue I no friend q
And vrgde it twice together,
Man. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, h
As who ſhould ſay, I would t
That would diuorce this ter
Meaning the King at *Pomfre*
I am the Kings friend, and w
Enter Richar
Rich. I haue been ſtudyi
This Priſon where I liue, v
And for becauſe the world
And heere is not a creature
I can not do it: yet Ile han
My braine Ile prooue the f
My ſoule the father, and t
A generation of ſtill-breed

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